3.48

BREAKING BAD

"I See You"

Episode #308

TEASER

1 CLOSE ON - A LIMP BOW 1

... knotted at the back of a hospital gown. Hands reach up and gingerly untie it, revealing dark BRUISES. It hurts just looking at them. We are...

INT. HOSPITAL - JESSE'S ROOM - DAY

As the gown is pulled off, we reveal our bruised patient is JESSE. He sits on the edge of his hospital bed, his street clothes piled on the bed next to him. His chest is heavily bruised from his beating at Hank's hands. (PRODUCTION NOTE: This episode picks up just after the end of Ep. 307; therefore, Jesse's bruising and clothes should match whatever we establish in that episode.)

Soon to be discharged from the hospital, he's changing. We see from his abbreviated movements that it's a slow and painful process for him. Remember, sober Jesse is doing all of this without painkillers.

He picks up his pants and slowly pulls them on, sliding off the bed to get them over his hips. He grabs his shirt and eases it over his head, grimacing in pain -- not that it's easy to tell on his bruised and swollen face.

This is hard for him -- everything hurts. But he's not feeling sorry for himself. He's simply dealing with the reality of his situation and powering through.

Off Jesse, finishing up this grueling task...

2 INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY 2

CLOSE ON: a wheel spinning, rolling across the shiny hospital floor. We reveal...

Jesse in a wheelchair, being rolled through the lobby by a male, twenty-something ORDERLY. Jesse tolerates this bit of standard procedure -- hey, at least he doesn't have to move. The Orderly pushes him out through the main entry doors.

3 EXT. HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRY DOORS - DAY 3

The Orderly navigates Jesse past a couple of people entering the hospital, and maneuvers him to the side, out of the way of major foot traffic. We may notice that next to him is the ambulance bay and ER entrance.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

Jesse scans the parking area in front of him and sighs. His ride's running late. The Orderly notes this.

ORDERLY
If you'd like to wait here, I can pick up the wheelchair after your ride arrives.

Jesse had no intention of getting up anyway.

JESSE
Whatever.

As the Orderly heads back toward the doors, Jesse pulls out a cigarette and lights it. The Orderly pauses at the sound and turns back to Jesse.

ORDERLY
Sir... If you'd like to smoke, you have to be at least twenty feet from the door.

Unfazed, Jesse flicks an ash.

JESSE
So, roll me farther, bitch.

The Orderly doesn't have time to deal with this asshole and, with an eyeroll, returns to the hospital through the lobby doors. Jesse sits, smoking, still clearly in pain.

As he shifts in his seat, unable to find a comfortable position, a DOCTOR exits the hospital through the lobby doors. Jesse sighs, thinking the guy's out here to hassle him about the smoking. But then, a SECOND DOCTOR hurries out the lobby doors, pulling on her white COAT. She approaches the other Doctor.

SECOND DOCTOR
What's coming?

DOCTOR
Caucasian male, early-40s, multiple gunshot wounds.

We now HEAR the approaching sound of a SIREN, presumably the ambulance carrying our gunshot victim. Cool -- at least Jesse gets a show while he waits.

The anxious doctors are alert, ready to go as the AMBULANCE roars up to the ER doors. Two EMTs hurriedly unload a gurney.

3 CONTINUED: (2) 3

We don't get a good look at the patient, but he's in bad shape. The Doctors hurry to the gurney, getting the patient's vitals from one of the EMTs.

EMT
Blood pressure is seventy over palp. Pulse is 140.

Jesse, curiosity piqued, strains to get a better look at the patient as he is rushed toward the ER lobby doors. As Jesse squints, a look of recognition crosses his face.

JESSE'S POV: It's a little hard to tell with people moving in and out of frame in front of him, but the guy on the gurney looks a lot like... HANK?!

Holy shit. This just got a LOT more interesting. Jesse rises painfully, flicking away his cigarette, and follows the medical team as fast as he can -- he can't quite keep up, his injuries being what they are.

4 INT. HOSPITAL - ER LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS 4

The doctors, several NURSES, and the EMTs crowd around Hank's gurney as it's pushed through the lobby. Jesse trails after at a short distance, trying to overhear them.

(NOTE -- this scene should play very fast and hectic as they wheel Hank into the ER proper. We probably won't hear all the dialogue before they're out of the room. Doesn't matter.)

SECOND DOCTOR
No breath sounds on the right side. Belly is rigid.

DOCTOR
I need two large bore IVs, six units, chest x-ray, and notify the OR that we're on our way...

This flurry of activity passes out of sight as they wheel Hank behind the ER doors (or whatever matches our location). Jesse stops in their wake, marvelling at this little twist of fate. He stands for a few beats before turning and slowly walking back outside.

5 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 5

Jesse makes his way back to the wheelchair. He's thoughtful, hard to read.

5 CONTINUED: 5

As we wonder what's going through Jesse's head, a familiar CAR pulls up, driven by SKINNY PETE. He slows to a stop and calls to Jesse from the open passenger side window.

SKINNY PETE
Yo, Jesse!

Jesse, distracted, walks over, opening the passenger door and carefully lowering himself into the seat.

6 INT. SKINNY PETE'S CAR - DAY 6

Skinny Pete watches Jesse settle in, his smile dropping as he gets a closer look at Jesse's swollen face.

SKINNY PETE
Damn, man... look at your face. It's seriously messed up. You okay?

Jesse doesn't look at him. He just leans back, a tiny smile rising on his face.

JESSE
Actually..?
(thinks about it)
I'm great.

This is a new Jesse, all right. He's got no sympathy for Hank. Despite his continued pain, he can't help but enjoy this turn of events. Off Jesse, cold as ice...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

7 CLOSE ON - WALTER WHITE 7

... Who looks miserable. He's somber and deeply uncomfortable as he struggles, searching for words. Finally:

WALT
There's really nothing I can say that will make this any easier.

He even seems a bit... sheepish as he delivers these pat words of "comfort." We may think for a moment he's talking to Marie, until we reveal we are...

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

Well, unless he's now giving tours of his meth lab to the family, he must be comforting someone else.

Sure enough, we pull back and reveal he's talking to GALE... Remember, Walt got permission from Gus in Episode 307 to fire Gale and hire Jesse. Walt could not be more uncomfortable.

WALT
I am sorry...

GALE
I don't understand. I thought things were going very well.

Gale is polite, but it's clear he's upset.

WALT
Uh, yeah... no.

GALE
Is this about the temperature settings the other day? Because I assure you, it will not happen...

WALT
(interrupting)
It's more than that, Gale.

GALE
I was really thinking we were a great team. We have so much in common. I actually kinda thought we were becoming friends.

This is genuinely hard for Walt. He and Gale could have been friends.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

After all, Gale hasn't actually done anything wrong here. He's just being sacrificed for Jesse. Walt presses on, knowing he has to do this in order to save Hank.

WALT
Uh, yeah... yes. And you are a fine chemist, really.
(awkward beat)
This is probably for the best.

GALE
(hurt)
I set up the lab...

WALT
And you did a wonderful job. But I just... I, uh...
(struggles)
I need a different level of, uh... professionalism. Not that your professionalism wasn't... um... professional. But...
(searching)
We just have different rhythms, Gale. It's like... I'm classical. But you're more... jazz.

Gale looks at him -- *jazz?*

GALE
You know, I want to learn from you. I know I have work to do. Please tell me what I'm doing wrong, and I will devote every effort to fixing it.

Before Walt can respond, they're interrupted by the door to the lab opening, and the sound of someone descending the stairs. Walt and Gale both turn to see VICTOR enter, followed by... JESSE. Walt inwardly cringes at the timing. Looks like things are about to get even more awkward.

Victor silently stands to the side of the stairs as Jesse makes his way slowly into the lab. He drinks everything in -- and is blown away by the sheer shininess of it all.

JESSE
Shit, man. This is the bomb.

Gale takes in Jesse's hip-hop persona and bruised face and is even more confused.

7 CONTINUED: (2) 7

GALE
(to Walt)
This is my replacement?

Walt hesitates to answer, knowing how it looks. Ever polite, Gale offers his hand to Jesse.

GALE
Hi... Gale. Nice to meet you.

Jesse doesn't even look at Gale as he passes.

JESSE
'Sup.
(re: the lab)
Damn, we shoulda ditched that RV months ago! It's all like... shiny up in here.

Gale is stung, slowly drops his hand. This hood is his replacement? Is Walt serious with this? Gale looks to Walt. His polite demeanor drops a bit as he gets more... insistent.

GALE
Is there something I'm missing here..? I mean, I hate to be... uh.... this seems very...
(beat, cracking)
... this makes no sense.

Before he can get revved up, Victor shifts behind him, his foot scraping the floor. At the sound, Gale turns to him. Victor's expression is mostly blank, almost innocuous, but Gale correctly reads that this is his cue to leave. His budding outrage dissipates and reality sets in.

GALE
Guess this is goodbye then.

He puts out his hand, which Walt shakes. Then, defeated and bewildered, Gale trudges up the stairs. Victor is about to follow him, when Walt stops him.

WALT
(quiet, earnest)
This really is for the best.

Walt's really trying to sell this to Victor, but Victor doesn't care at all about personnel issues. All he cares about is the quota.

VICTOR
Two hundred pounds a week. Got it?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3) 7

Walt, guilt unassuaged, nods -- message received -- as Victor exits up the staircase. Walt exhales and turns around. He watches Jesse, who is still checking out the lab, running his hands along the vats, poking at various dials.

As Walt watches Jesse, we see something flicker across his face... Is it regret? We hold for a beat until... Walt shakes it off. This is the choice he made. He heads for Jesse.

WALT
Okay. There's a lot to show you. Some new techniques to learn...

JESSE
What, now?

WALT
Yes now. We only have a couple of days before our next quota, and I need to get you up to speed.

JESSE
Right on. I'm just saying...

Jesse trails off, suddenly realizing that Walt must not have heard about Hank yet.

JESSE
Your phone not work down here?

WALT
No, it doesn't. There's a hard line for emergencies, but our phones don't work in the lab. Why..?

JESSE
So, you haven't talked to anybody today other than, you know, Captain Nerd there?

WALT
Jesse, why?

Jesse hesitates. He doesn't give a shit about Hank, but this news is going to hit Walt hard.

JESSE
Your brother-in-law.

Walt frowns -- *what does that mean?*

7 CONTINUED: (4) 7

WALT
What about him?

Off Walt, about to receive some truly bad news...

8 INT. HOSPITAL - TRIAGE ROOM - DAY 8

DOCTORS and NURSES crowd around a gurney, working. We only see brief glimpses past them to the male patient. We assume this is Hank. Who else could it be?

LEAD DOCTOR
This damage is extensive. I think we'll have to at least lose one.

Okay, that... sounds bad. Lose one of what?

LEAD DOCTOR
Think there's any chance of saving the other one?

NURSE
I'm getting no pulse in either leg.

This is grim. Poor Hank...

LEAD DOCTOR
Looks like we're taking them both off then. Let's get him prepped and up to the OR.

Just as we're wondering why Hank is about to have his legs amputated, the camera pans down the table to the patient's feet, which we now see are clad in familiar SKULL-TOED BOOTS. That's right, one of the Cousins survived. Oh, shit.

Off the boots as a nurse cuts them with a small rotary saw...

9 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 9

Walt breathlessly hustles down the hospital hallway. He scans the doors as he passes until he sees, ahead of him, the ICU Waiting Room. An APD OFFICER stands outside.

As Walt hurries for the door, the Officer stops him.

OFFICER
Sir... can I help you?

Walt struggles to catch his breath so he can explain. But Gomez, inside the waiting room, spots Walt through a small WINDOW in the door and sticks his head out.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

GOMEZ
(to the officer)
It's okay. He's family.

The officer steps aside so a grateful Walt can enter.

10 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 10

Walt steps in, nodding his thanks to Gomez. Gomez stands to the side of the door with the ASAC. Walt sees the family -- SKYLER, MARIE, WALTER, JR. -- sitting together in the seating area. BABY HOLLY sleeps in her carrier car seat beside Skyler. (PLEASE NOTE: Baby Holly will be in all these Waiting Room scenes; however, to minimize the need for a real baby, she will usually be asleep.)

Walt hurries over to the family. They're teary-eyed, in shock. Walter, Jr., who looks absolutely gut-punched, stands and gives his dad a hug, holding on tight. Skyler rises and gives Walt a small nod -- she's glad he's here. Walt hesitates, wanting to hug her. But instead, turning to his sister-in-law:

WALT
Marie... I'm so sorry. I don't know what to say.

Marie looks up. Her eyes are red, and she looks frazzled and bereft. Walt hesitates, feeling awkward, but then pulls her up into a hug. She lets him. Walter, Jr. leans in and Skyler puts a hand on her sister's back. Were it not for the horrible circumstances reuniting them, it would a nice moment as the family stands, together again.

Finally, Marie pulls away, sniffling.

WALT
How is he?

MARIE
(quiet)
They won't really tell us anything.
(beat)
But... it's bad. He's in surgery. They shot him four times.

WALT
(barely audible)
Oh, Christ.

Marie starts to tear up, ready to crack, so Skyler puts an arm around her and pulls her gently back into a chair.

10 CONTINUED: 10

With Skyler tending to her sister, Walt turns his attention to Walter, Jr. He knows how important his Uncle Hank is to Junior and how much the kid must be hurting right now.

WALT
You okay?

Walter, Jr. is definitely not okay, but if he talks about it, he might start crying -- which is the last thing he wants.

WALTER, JR.
I'm fine.

Walt looks at him -- *you sure?* Walter, Jr. is barely holding it together, and the attention from his dad threatens to push him over the edge. Junior tries to be a "man" here. He doesn't want to lose it and cry in front of his family.

WALTER, JR.
I'm fine. I just need to... just let me get some air...

Walt looks to Sky, who nods -- *let him go.* Walt pats his son on the shoulder -- *it's okay.* Holding his emotions in check until he can get out of the room, Walter, Jr. makes his way to the door and exits.

Walt watches Skyler comfort Marie, unsure what to do. Feeling superfluous, he drifts toward Gomez and the ASAC, standing within earshot.

GOMEZ
(somber)
Walt...

They shake hands. Gomez looks terrible -- hollow-eyed and haunted. He and Hank haven't been on the best of terms lately, and he's kicking himself that he wasn't there to help his partner.

GOMEZ
Walt, this is ASAC Merkert.
(to ASAC)
Hank's brother-in-law, Walt.

Walt and the ASAC shake hands.

ASAC
I'm very sorry.

Walt nods -- *thank you.* Keeping his voice low for Marie's sake:

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

WALT
So... what happened?

ASAC
We're not really sure yet. All we know is that two men ambushed Hank. They didn't have ID on them -- probably Mexican nationals. Their tattoos indicate that they're Mexican drug cartel..

WALT
Why would they attack Hank?

ASAC
We're not sure yet. It could be related to an ongoing investigation Hank was working on. Or they could be sending a message to the DEA in general.
(beat, grim)
They had an ax. The Cartels tend to be... dramatic.

WALT
(*holy shit*)
An ax? Jesus. Where are they now? Are they..?

ASAC
(calming him)
Hank got them both. Killed one outright. The other's upstairs in critical condition.

GOMEZ
Your brother-in-law's one tough sonofabitch. Taking out both -- considering he didn't even have his gun.

In the background, we see Marie's head lift.

MARIE
He didn't have his gun?

Gomez turns as Marie rises to her feet. Oh shit.

MARIE
(low but intense)
Why didn't Hank have his gun?

Gomez and the ASAC, uncomfortable, exchange looks. Marie's eyes flash a warning at them -- *do not fuck with me.*

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3) 10

ASAC
Marie... the assault charge. I had to suspend Hank pending the investigation. That means I had to take his weapon.

Off Marie's stare...

ASAC
It's standard procedure. No one could have anticipated this.

Marie doesn't care. All she's thinking about is that her husband could die because this man took away his only protection.

MARIE
You know, if you all had listened to him in the first place and let him arrest the little degenerate, he never would have had to take things into his own hands. And then he would have had his gun and he could have defended himself.

Skyler steps over to intervene, touching a hand to Marie's arm.

SKYLER
Marie, why don't we just sit...

But Marie won't go. She's only now getting started.

MARIE
This is their fault. He didn't have his gun, Skyler.

SKYLER
Marie, this isn't helping.

But Marie's hearing none of it. Now she turns on Gomez.

MARIE
What kind of partner are you? Where were you to back him up? You're off in Texas.

This hits Gomez hard as Marie turns to the ASAC.

MARIE
And you... you're supposed to protect your agents. Instead of taking their guns and not supporting them.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4) 10

SKYLER
Marie. Let's just take a breath.

Marie stares daggers at Gomez and the ASAC.

MARIE
I'm not doing anything until they get the hell out of here.

Gomez and the ASAC, knowing not to argue, head for the door.

GOMEZ
I'm so sorry, Marie.

MARIE
Get out! You are not welcome here! The DEA is not welcome here!

As Gomez and the ASAC slink out the door, Marie breathes heavily, fists clenched. Skyler pulls on her arm.

SKYLER
(gentle)
Marie. They're gone. Come on.

Marie, suddenly out of energy, lets Skyler lead her back to the seating area. Walt follows, and the family sits. There's a long silence as Skyler rubs her sister's back, trying to calm her.

Marie is tense, on edge. We see her working through something in her head -- her mind racing. She turns to Walt, staring at him a moment. A look of dawning realization crosses her face.

MARIE
(quiet)
It's because of you too, you know.

Walt looks at her -- *what?*

MARIE
This Pinkman person Hank was looking for... he wouldn't have even heard his name if you hadn't bought marijuana from him.

WALT
Marie...

MARIE
Your fugue state... He was looking for you...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (5) 10

SKYLER
Marie. Stop it.

Marie turns to her sister.

SKYLER
You're upset, and you're looking to blame somebody. And that's completely understandable.
(beat)
But don't blame Walt. This is not his fault.

Whoa. Did Skyler just defend Walt? Walt masks his surprise, not wanting to tip the scales. He's surprised, and... touched, that she stepped in to defend him. Marie stares at her sister for a moment, then starts to tear up. She takes Skyler's hand, nodding and turns to Walt.

MARIE
I'm sorry, Walt. I just... I don't even know what to do... it's Hank.

Walt nods -- he gets it.

WIDE off these three sad and scared people...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 CLOSE ON - A CLEAR PLASTIC BAG 11

As it fills with blood. Reveal, we are...

INT. HOSPITAL - PHLEBOTOMY ROOM - DAY

Gomez lies on a reclining chair, donating blood. The bag finishes filling and a LAB TECH removes the needle, bandaging the spot. Gomez stands, holding his arm, and a female POLICE OFFICER lies down in his place, offering her arm to the Tech.

We follow Gomez as he walks away, past a LINE of COPS and DEA AGENTS, all waiting for their turn.

12 EXT. HOSPITAL - TIME-LAPSE 12

The time-lapse takes us from night to day. Off the sun rising over Albuquerque...

13 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU WAITING ROOM - MORNING 13

Walt sips from a water fountain in the corner of the room. He's dragging, bags under his eyes. Finishing his drink, he splashes some of the water on his face to rouse himself. Not really refreshed, he rejoins the family at the seating area.

They're all sitting, exhausted, but awake. Skyler and Marie sit together, with the (sleeping) baby next to Skyler. Walter, Jr. sits by himself, spaced out. They've been awake all night, waiting for news. Marie, especially, is worn down -- scared and empty-eyed. No one talks.

Walt and the family sit quietly for a long moment. Almost uncomfortably long. The only sounds are the tick of a clock, and the distant noise of the hospital outside the room.

Finally, Walt leans forward and absently picks up a MAGAZINE from the COFFEE TABLE in front of him. As he picks it up, he notices that the table is WOBBLING. He sets the magazine down and touches the edge of the table, gently wobbling it back and forth, examining it. He looks underneath, and notices that one of the legs doesn't quite reach the floor.

Walt sits back up and, taking the magazine, shakes out several subscription POST CARDS. He gathers them and FOLDS them carefully. Then he leans back down and wedges the little folded bunch of paper under the leg. It's a bit like the OCD behavior he's exhibited as of late when meticulously preparing his sandwiches.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

Skyler, Marie, and Walter, Jr. watch, without judgment. They understand this is just Walt's way of passing the time.

Sitting back up, Walt checks his work. The table is stabilized. A small victory. He sits back, job well done. Off the family... silent again... nothing to do but wait...

14 INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING 14

In all its shiny, high tech, impressive empty glory... Well, make that almost empty, because here comes Jesse, weaving between the vats and tables. A kid in a candy shop, he looks at everything, marvelling at the huge step up he's made.

He bangs out a drum beat on some of the large cooking vats. Then he stops, and looks up at the high ceiling.

JESSE
(loud)
Helloooo..!

His voice echoes, delighting him.

JESSE
Yo, yo, yo, Jesse Pinkman in the house!

Jesse's doing his best to keep himself busy while he waits for Walt. Jesse is motivated to cook, ready to make some serious cash... but he can't do anything until Walt shows up.

He wanders over to a table and sits, spins in his chair a couple times. Okay, he's getting bored now. Where is Walt? He looks over to the HARD-LINE PHONE, considers...

15 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU WAITING ROOM - MORNING 15

The family sits exactly as we left them. Like time has stopped... Suddenly, the INTERCOM crackles to life.

INTERCOM VOICE
Walter White to the nearest courtesy phone. Walter White...

Walt looks up, confused -- who is calling him here? He looks to questioning Skyler, shrugs, and heads for the door.

16 INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES' STATION - MORNING 16

Moments later. CLOSE on a courtesy PHONE being picked up by a man's hand.

16 CONTINUED: 16

Reveal Walt, standing at a wall-mounted courtesy phone within easy earshot of the nurses' station a short distance away from him. Two NURSES work at the station.

WALT
Walter White speaking.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
I'll connect you. Hold please.

After a brief silence, there is a click as Walt's call is connected.

JESSE (V.O.)
Yo. We cooking sometime this year?

Walt turns his back on the nurses. He keeps his voice low throughout, trying his best to hide the nature of his call from the nurses -- who couldn't care less.

WALT
(annoyed)
What the hell are you thinking?
Why are you calling me here?

INTERCUT WITH:

17 INT. SUPERLAB - CONTINUOUS 17

Jesse, the hard-line to his ear, rolls his eyes... he expected this.

JESSE
Look, I tried your cell and it went straight to voicemail. How'm I supposed to get a hold of you?

WALT
You aren't!

JESSE
Look man, it's been a whole day. How long is this grieving process? Put a clock on it for me.

The only thing keeping Walt from exploding at this little asshole is that there are too many people who might overhear -- including, possibly, his family. Before he can formulate a measured response:

JESSE
Alls I'm saying is, we got a schedule, right?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

WALT
My family comes before your "schedule."

JESSE
Dude, it's not my schedule. We got responsibilities here, man.

WALT
I will get there when I get there.

JESSE
You know what..? Whatever. I'll just cook on my own.

WALT
(sharp)
You will do no such thing!

JESSE
Why not?

Hmmm... so many reasons he doesn't want Jesse cooking alone.

WALT
(*I really have to explain?*)
Uh... For starters, you aren't familiar with any of the equipment.

JESSE
There's gotta be a manual or something, right? I can read.

WALT
Jesse, touch NOTHING.

Jesse is annoyed -- what happened to Walt's "your meth is good?"

JESSE
Yo, stop treating me like I'm your assistant. I'm not your bitch to order around. We're partners. Remember?

Oh yes, Walt remembers -- to the tune of 1.5 million dollars. Taking a breath, trying hard not to escalate:

WALT
I am aware of that. However, I need you to sit and wait patiently. I will get over there as soon as I can.

17 CONTINUED: (2) 17

Out of the corner of his eye, Walt notices Skyler stepping to the nurses' station. Walt thinks fast as, behind him, Skyler asks the nurse a question. (Note: She's asking where the cafeteria is, but we really don't need to hear her or the nurse's answer.)

WALT
(loud, yet into phone)
Thank you so much for your kind words. We really do appreciate it.

On his end, Jesse knows he's being blown off.

JESSE
What, is your wife there?

WALT
(breezy)
Yes she is... and she'll be glad to hear you asked about her. Keep us in your thoughts.

JESSE
(mocking Walt's tone)
Tell your douchebag brother-in-law to head into the light.

A brief, murderous scowl flits across Walt's face as he hangs up. It disappears completely as he looks at Skyler, who now turns to him.

SKYLER
I'm thinking we should get everybody some breakfast.

WALT
Sounds good.
(then, casual)
Hey, know who that was?

Skyler smiles faintly, shakes her head. But, before Walt can tell her, she walks away, heading back toward the ICU waiting room to rejoin Marie and Walter, Jr.

Walt is caught off guard by this, but her message is clear -- *I don't know, and I don't want to know.*

Off Walt, realizing this divorce means not having to explain anymore, and the freedom that brings, for better or worse...

18 INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - MORNING 18

Though the hospital has tried to add some cheery touches here and there, there's just no way to hide that this is where people go to pass the time while waiting for bad news.

It's quiet. Few diners aside from the White family and Marie, who sit at a table. (Baby Holly is in her carrier in a chair next to Skyler.) No one is particularly enthusiastic about the hospital food -- eating not out of hunger but more because it's something to do.

Marie, however, doesn't touch her food. She just sits, staring, more lifeless than we've ever seen her. Skyler notices. After a moment:

SKYLER
You know, the eggs really aren't that bad.

Getting the hint, Marie stirs, docilely picks up a FORK. Looking down at her plate, she goes to take a forkful of eggs, but stops.

Brow furrowed, she dumps the eggs off her fork and looks closer -- examining it.

MARIE
(quietly)
My God, look at this.

Skyler glances up. Marie holds up the fork to her. *Huh?*

SKYLER
Look at what?

MARIE
Look at what? This. These spots. This fork is absolutely filthy.

Skyler frowns slightly, looks closer. Now Walt and Walter, Jr. get into the act as Marie holds the offending fork up for them to see as well.

MARIE
(to the boys)
Tell me you see this.
(to Walter, Jr.)
You. You've got good eyes.

All three Whites are now squinting at Marie's fork. Truth be told, there is no obvious, glaring spot on this fork. They don't see it, and we don't either. Walter, Jr. shrugs.

18 CONTINUED: 18

Skyler, seeing where this is heading, tries to keep things on an even keel.

SKYLER
Those are water spots, Marie. It's fine.

MARIE
Those aren't water spots. It's dirt. This silverware has clearly not been cleaned. It's covered in... germs from some other person's mouth. God knows what.

Walter, Jr. jumps in, trying to comfort Marie as well.

WALTER, JR.
Seriously, Aunt Marie, it's water spots. Ours at home don't look any better.

MARIE
Yours at home are irrelevant. We are in a hospital. They need to be held to a higher standard. They have a responsibility.

SKYLER
I don't know if the cafeteria actually qualifies as part of the hospital, Marie. Could you just...

MARIE
(interrupting her)
They're in the same building. They're all under the same roof. You think sick people don't eat with this bacteria-infested cutlery? I mean, how are these people supposed to survive this deathtrap?

SKYLER
Marie...

Skyler doesn't know what to do here to calm her sister down. She searches for something to say. Suddenly, Walt speaks up.

WALT
I survived.

Marie glances at him -- *what?* Walt shrugs, then, simply:

18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

WALT
I had my lung surgery in this hospital.
(to Skyler and Walt, Jr.)
You guys remember that?

Skyler and Walter, Jr. look at him. They remember. But with all the excitement and stress of the current situation, they hadn't really thought about it.

WALT
Remember how scared we all were?
(off Skyler and Walt, Jr.)
I didn't want to act like it in front of you two, but I was terrified. All morning, all I could think about was how they were actually going to cut me open. I couldn't get it out of my head. I mean, how could I possibly survive that?

Walt pauses, thoughtful -- lost in the memory of that day.

WALT
The whole process was frightening. Every... moment. But I think the scariest part was when they took me in to the... the room. You sign those consent forms, but you don't really think about it until you're lying there, waiting for them to anesthetize you. Knowing I may never wake up again... I wanted to get up and run out of there as fast as I could before they got that mask on me.

For once, Walt's completely truthful here -- his fears and vulnerability on full display. The family listens, rapt.

WALT
Actually, what I really remember is driving to the hospital. Skyler, remember I wanted to drive that day?
(off her nod)
You know, we're driving on Central, and we hit every green light. Every single one. I mean, when does that ever happen? I was trying to drive as slow as I could without being obvious, just... willing the lights to turn red.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3) 18

WALT (CONT'D)
But it was green all the way. And the whole time, I was thinking, you know... why today? Why can't I just spend a couple more minutes in the car with my family?
(beat)
I've never wanted to be stuck in traffic so badly in my life.

He lets this hang in the air for a moment.

WALT
But then... I realized, at least I was with my family. I had that.

This is especially poignant given Walt's fractured relationship with his family. But, there's no bitterness here -- just a wistful sense of... gratitude. He pulls himself out of his reverie and gives Marie a small smile.

WALT
Anyway, I survived this place.
(beat, simply:)
And I'm not half the man your husband is.

Under ordinary circumstances, hard for Walt to say... but he means this, too.

Marie, meeting Walt's gaze, tears up. Walt, the quiet hero here, puts his hand over hers, giving it a small squeeze.

Off the family, especially Skyler, surprised and touched...

19 EXT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - ESTABLISHING - DAY 19

STOCK, hopefully. Cars dot the parking lot -- typical day.

20 INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - GUS' OFFICE - DAY 20

GUS sits at his modest desk nestled among restaurant supplies, doing paperwork. He stops when he hears the RING of a phone. He pulls a set of KEYS from his pocket and unlocks one of the small desk drawers. Reaching inside, he picks it up the ringing CELL PHONE, pocketing the keys.

GUS
(answering)
Hello?

20 CONTINUED: 20

BOLSA (V.O.)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
What the hell is going on up there?

GUS
(in English, mildly)
I was going to ask you the same question.

INTERCUT WITH:

21 INT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - DAY - CONTINUOUS 21

JUAN BOLSA, the Cartel emissary we met in Episode 303, is in his hacienda. It's nice -- upscale and dignified, in sharp contrast to Gus' office. Bolsa looks stressed, preoccupied.

BOLSA
(Spanish, subtitled)
You know about my men?

GUS
(in English)
I heard they attacked a DEA agent. Why would they do that?

Gus is being a little passive aggressive here... deliberately not switching to Spanish. Bolsa, annoyed:

BOLSA
(Spanish, subtitled)
What's the matter? Spanish not good enough anymore...

Bolsa trails off, frustrated. He considers fighting Gus on this, but he's got greater concerns. He gives up and switches to English.

BOLSA
I would never order this, but my men would never do this on their own. Someone gave them an order.

Gus gets the implication.

GUS
Are you accusing me?

BOLSA
I'm just saying -- they wouldn't act on their own.

21 CONTINUED: 21

GUS
How would that help me..? I assume this will delay my next shipment.

The normally unflappable Gus is properly concerned here. (Of course, he's playing dumb. Bolsa's suspicions are correct -- he ordered the hit on Hank.)

BOLSA
There's too much tension on the border. We're suspending shipments.

GUS
Until when?

BOLSA
I don't know, Gustavo. Whenever the border settles down.

GUS
I need my shipments.

Bolsa is quiet. He can't quite shake the feeling that Gus had something to do with this. But, as far as he knows, Gus is right -- this affects his business negatively as well.

Bolsa, though still suspicious, backs off.

BOLSA
We're working on it.
(beat)
In the meantime, the one good thing here is that one of my men survived.

GUS
Yes, but he's in custody.

BOLSA
Well, luckily in America, a man is innocent until proven guilty. I'll make sure he gets the best lawyer, and then we'll get the real story.

GUS
(a beat, then)
Well... keep me apprised.

Foregoing any closing pleasantries, Bolsa hangs up.

Gus sits back in his chair. He is typically inscrutable here, but... is there some worry in his face..? What happens when Bolsa finds out he ordered the attack..?

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

He looks at his cell phone and flips it over. Opening the back plate, he pops out the battery and removes the SIM CARD. He turns on a small SHREDDER next to the desk and drops the SIM card in.

Then, he pulls open the (still unlocked) desk drawer where he got the phone. We see that, stacked inside, are about twenty SIM cards. He pulls one from the pile and puts it in the cell phone, covering it with the battery and the back plate. He places the phone in the drawer and locks it back up. Just one of the ways crafty Gus covers his tracks...

22 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU WAITING ROOM - DAY 22

CLOSE ON a SURGEON, talking to someone off screen.

SURGEON
No... with complications like these, several hours of surgery is not unheard of. We didn't break any records here.

We reveal Marie and the Whites listening, fear mixed with hope. The family looks to one another, gauging each others' reactions. Complications notwithstanding, it seems like this is, potentially, good news.

MARIE
How is he?

SURGEON
It's really too soon to tell. He's in recovery now.

MARIE
(ready to go)
Where is that?

SURGEON
Unfortunately, you can't see him yet. We're waiting for him to stabilize.

MARIE
How long will that take?

SURGEON
I can't really say. It could be hours. We'll let you know as soon as you can see him.

A beat of silence, then the Surgeon quietly starts to rise. Skyler, realizing...

22 CONTINUED: 22

SKYLER
Thank you.

Marie picks up on this and nods her thanks as well. With a sympathetic smile, the Surgeon leaves.

Marie is tense -- happy to hear the surgery is done, but frustrated and worried that she can't see Hank yet. Skyler tries to distract her.

SKYLER
Maybe we should get you home for a couple of hours... get some rest.

Marie looks at her like that doesn't compute.

MARIE
I'm not going anywhere.

WALTER, JR.
(quickly, determined)
Me neither.

Skyler and Walt exchange glances -- looks like the whole family is staying. Fair enough, Skyler nods.

Off the silence...

WALT
Anybody else dying to brush their teeth, or is it just me?

The family nods -- they're all feeling the effects of a night spent in the waiting room.

WALT
Why don't I run home and pick up some stuff..?

Skyler nods, appreciating the thought. Walt looks to Marie.

WALT
I can run by your house, too.

Marie glances at him, also appreciates the gesture.

MARIE
Thank you, Walt. That'd be great.

Off Walt, happy to have purpose...

23 INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY 23

Moments later. We're on elevator DOORS as they slide open. Walt steps out... then slows. We pull back and reveal that Walt has stepped into what appears to be a cop convention.

The lobby is stuffed with APD OFFICERS and DEA AGENTS holding vigil for Hank. They fill the chairs and couches. Those that don't sit, stand chatting in small groups. Walt is surprised by, and uneasy about, the sheer number of law enforcement here.

His first instinct is to just walk through quickly, head down. He starts to do just that when...

GOMEZ, standing with several DEA agents, spots him and intercepts.

GOMEZ
We just heard he came through.

WALT
Yeah, uh... it's, you know... guardedly, good news.

Gomez nods.

GOMEZ
Guys. This is Hank's brother-in-law, Walt.

Cops and Agents crowd in to shake Walt's hand and pat him on the back. Everyone is welcoming. After all, he's family.

GOMEZ
We're just down here swapping Hank stories.

Walt forces a smile.

WALT
That could take all day. God knows there's a million of them.

The Agents laugh at this. Clearly they all respect and care about Hank. Then, after the laughter subsides...

The mood notches down to somber as they all remember why they're here.

FRIENDLY AGENT
I just can't believe it.

23 CONTINUED: 23

GOMEZ
(nodding)
Miserable piece of shit.

Off Walt's confusion...

GOMEZ
You know, the guy who shot him. The one who survived. They're up there fighting to save him.

FRIENDLY AGENT
Your tax dollars at work.

This gets grim nods and murmurs of agreement from the group. Walt nods -- *terrible.*

GOMEZ
You know what... you outta see what Hank did to him.
(*there's an idea*)
Wanna see?

Off Walt -- reluctant, but interested...

24 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - OUTSIDE COUSIN'S ICU - DAY 24

Around the corner, into view, come Walt, Gomez, the Friendly Agent, and several other agents (not all the agents from the lobby -- maybe ten to twelve total). They stop just in front of a wide plate-glass WINDOW that looks into the ICU room. Walt stands up front with Gomez as the other agents cluster around them.

A UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER guards the room. He doesn't make the crowd leave, but he makes sure none of them actually enter the room.

GOMEZ
(quiet, to himself)
You comfortable, you piece of shit?

They all stare through the window at... the surviving COUSIN. He's in profile, lying in his bed. A blanket covers him to his waist. Under the blanket, we can't help but notice that his legs... well, they stop just above the knee now.

His face is turned away from us. We think at first he must be asleep, but then... slowly... he TURNS his head toward us... eyes open. Shit -- he's <u>conscious</u>.

His glazed eyes slowly clear as they focus and then fixate on... WALT. Recognition and surprise pass across his face.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

Then anger. Rage. Here he is -- the man he and his brother came thousands of miles to kill -- mere feet away, right behind the glass. Hatred burns in the Cousin's eyes as he stares at Walt.

Walt, standing in the middle of his cocoon of cops, grows increasingly uneasy under the intensity of his gaze. Nobody else sees this. Walt is the only one aware that the Cousin is staring at him. (NOTE TO DIRECTOR: That's the trick here -- letting Walt and us know that the Cousin is staring at Walt, but making sure the Cops don't get this.)

Walt has no idea who this guy is... just some Cartel heavy sent to start a war with the DEA. So then why is he staring at Walt like he wants to murder him?

But uneasiness becomes real fear when, suddenly, the Cousin RISES upright in the bed. Paying no attention to the wires and IVs connected to him, the Cousin slides to the edge of the mattress... and HURLS his body to the ground! He drops hard, hitting the floor with a nauseating THUD, his IV ripping out. The impact reopens his wounds, and his stumps start to BLEED through their wrappings.

GOMEZ
What the hell?

Walt is frozen, unable to move as he watches the Cousin roll to his belly. Pushing himself up, the Cousin reaches forward and starts to CRAWL toward the window -- and Walt. Painfully dragging his broken body across the floor, his eyes never leave Walt.

The uniformed cop on guard moves in, not sure what to do. Two NURSES and a DOCTOR, alerted by the monitors, which have gone wild as their wires stretch and pop off the Cousin, also rush in. It's chaos in the room as they all subdue the him. Still trying to reach Walt, he fights against them.

FRIENDLY AGENT
Man... there's hating cops and then there's hating cops.

But of course, we know better... and so does Walt. It's not the cops this Cartel assassin was after. It was Walt.

Off Walt, keeping it to himself... but greatly disturbed by this new development...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25 CLOSE ON - A ZIPPER 25

As it is slowly zipped up. It's on one of those Tyvek lab-deals that Walt and Jesse wear when they cook. Looks like they must finally be getting back to work.

Except... the zipper is then unzipped. Then... it's zipped up again... then unzipped. Huh? We pull back and reveal...

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

Jesse sits in his bunny suit, alone, playing with his zipper. He's bored out of his mind. The shininess of the lab has faded, and he's getting restless. He spins in his chair, singing the Twaughthammer classic, "Fallacies" under his breath, zipping the zipper in time to the "music."

He zips the zipper all the way up and stops singing. Where the hell is Walt? Jesse's antsy, ready to work, but he's under strict orders to stay put.

He stands and scans the area, looking for something, anything, he may have missed that he can play with. He spots an air compressor hose with a blow-gun attachment. Picking it up, he discovers that it shoots high pressure air. *Dude!*

He sticks the end under the wrist of his suit and lets the air on. FWOOSH!! His suit BALLOONS with air. Jesse smiles and puffs out his cheeks to match (as much as he can given his injuries). He may even waddle around a little.

Suddenly, he hears the door to the lab BANG behind him and someone descending the stairs. Assuming it's Walt...

JESSE
(calls out)
Finally! About damn time!

He turns to find... Victor. Ah, shit.

Jesse releases the air, and his suit slowly deflates as Victor enters the superlab. He's silent, inscrutable as he walks past the equipment -- noting that nothing is on. He is not happy.

VICTOR
Why isn't anything cooking?

Off Jesse, as he struggles to come up with a good excuse...

26 EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY 26

We're wide as Walt's Aztek pulls into a spot.

27 INT. WALT'S AZTEK - DAY - CONTINUOUS 27

Walt cuts the engine. We note blankets and pillows piled in the back seat. But Walt makes no move to gather them and head into the hospital. He just sits there... staring.

He's worried. Why does this Cartel killer know him? And, more troubling, why does the man hate him enough to drag his shattered, legless body across a floor with clear murderous intent? This could be very, very bad. Off Walt, fretting...

28 INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 28

The automatic doors into the hospital lobby whoosh open, and Walt enters, loaded down with belongings, plastic bags containing toiletries, blankets and pillows for the family.

He nods to the crowd of cops and agents. Suddenly...

INTERCOM VOICE
Walter White to the nearest courtesy phone. Walter White...

Walt sags. He's got a lot on his mind, and he's not in the mood for a chat with Jesse. Especially considering he has to have this chat in front of a crowd of APD and DEA officers.

He scans the room and finds the courtesy phone on the wall next the main nurses' station. Making his way over, he picks up the receiver.

WALT
Walter White.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
I'll connect you. Hold please.

Walt waits for a beat as the call is connected. Then:

JESSE (V.O.)
Yo, we got problems. Big ones.

Walt is painfully aware of the entire room of law enforcement personnel behind him and covers.

28 CONTINUED: 28

WALT
(bright)
Reverend! So nice of you to call... again.

JESSE (V.O.)
Turn your phone on, already!

WALT
You know, I will, uh... definitely look into that. Tell you what, why don't I give you a call back on my cell phone.

Jesse sighs and hangs up, as does Walt.

29 INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE SPOT - DAY 29

Moments later. Walt is in a private spot (this can be anywhere in the hospital really -- it just needs to be reasonably isolated). The family's belongings are haphazardly stacked on the ground around him. Walt digs his cell phone out of his pocket, and dials. Waits, then:

WALT
I told you to wait. I don't know how many more ways I can say it.

INTERCUT WITH:

30 INT. SUPERLAB - CONTINUOUS 30

Jesse's in the lab, still in his Tyvek suit. Victor is gone, but Jesse is nervous and intense, pacing as he fills Walt in.

JESSE
Yeah, dick, I was waiting. Then that creepy, quiet guy showed up.

WALT
(momentarily worried)
Gus came by?

JESSE
Not him, man. Apparently I'm not, like, worthy of meeting him. It was the other one. The one I'm, you know, qualified to speak to. He was asking questions, too. Like -- why haven't you cooked any meth?!
(low and serious)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

JESSE (CONT'D)
We have a quota. That is due tomorrow. Do you seriously not even care or what? Because that guy... I don't know if you noticed, but he's got the dead eyes. Dead eyes, I don't know, tend to kind of worry me. As a general rule.

Walt isn't even listening. He's distracted -- still thinking about the Cousin's gruesome display.

WALT
Let me ask you something.

Jesse frowns.

JESSE
What, man?

WALT
Do you remember when we were out in the desert with Tuco?

Jesse is thrown -- what does Tuco have to do with anything?

JESSE
(sarcastic)
You mean like, when he put a machine gun to my head..? Yeah, I think... that does ring a tiny bell. Why?

WALT
He kept saying someone was driving up from Mexico -- to get us. Who'd he say that was?

JESSE
Why? What does that have to do with...
(easier not to argue)
I don't know, man. It was, uh...

Jesse tries to remember, but Walt already knows the answer.

WALT
His cousins...

Off Jesse's shrug...

WALT
Right, Jesse? He said cousins?

30 CONTINUED: (2) 30

JESSE
I guess... Why?

Click. Walt absentmindedly HANGS UP on him. Frustrated but not surprised, Jesse sinks into the chair -- *of course.*

Off Walt, brooding, remembering... *the Cousins.*

31 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU WAITING ROOM - DAY 31

Minutes later. Walt enters, carrying what he brought back for the family. Skyler and Marie sit together. Walter, Jr. is at the water fountain, getting a drink. (Note: Baby Holly is not here in this scene. Where is she? Let's assume she's with a sitter.)

WALT
Any updates?

MARIE
(soft)
No change.

Walt nods, somber. Mostly, he's distracted, thinking about the possibility of a Cartel blood vendetta against him and Hank.

Trying to push this from his mind, Walt distributes the supplies he brought. Handing Marie a small store-bought toiletries kit...

WALT
I wasn't sure whose toothbrush was whose, so I just went ahead and stopped by the drugstore. Thank God for travel sizes, right?

MARIE
Thanks.

Walt moves onto Skyler, handing her a travel makeup bag -- something he picked up from the house and filled with her toiletries.

WALT
Hope I got everything...

SKYLER
(peeks in bag)
Thank you.
(to Marie)
I gotta wash my face -- I'm going crazy. Wanna come with me?

31 CONTINUED: 31

Marie nods. The sisters head out, leaving father and son together. Walter, Jr. joins his dad at the seating area as Walt pulls out more items.

WALT
I got some candy bars...

WALTER, JR.
Cool. Thanks.

Walt pulls out "Killing Pablo" by Mark Bowden (this is a real book we should work on clearing) and hands it to Walter, Jr.

WALT
Was this what you were asking for?

Walter, Jr. nods and takes the book.

WALT
I glanced at it briefly -- what is it?

WALTER, JR.
Just something Uncle Hank gave me.

Walt sees Walter, Jr. is troubled, tries to engage him.

WALT
So what's it about?

WALTER, JR.
Pablo Escobar... big drug guy in the Eighties.

WALT
Yeah, I remember seeing him on the news.

WALTER, JR.
Well, this is more about the guys who, like, investigated him and tried to bring him down. Some were DEA, you know?
(beat)
Uncle Hank said they were worth learning about. That everyone knows Pablo Escobar, but no one knows about the agents who got him.

WALT
Guess I never thought about it.

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

WALTER, JR.
Yeah. He said that good guys never get ink like the bad guys do.
(beat)
Anyway, he gave it to me. Figured I'd read it.

Walter, Jr. is trying hard to be a man here, like his Uncle Hank. Walt nods, getting it, and puts an arm around Junior.

Suddenly, Walt's cell phone VIBRATES in his pocket. He stands and flips it open to find a TEXT -- "Pollos."

WALT
I need to, uh... I'll be right back.

Walt stands and exits the room, leaving Walter, Jr. alone...

TIME CUT TO:

32 INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE SPOT - DAY 32

Walt is back in his private spot, on the phone with Gus.

WALT
I assure you, we are hard at work.

Walt is scrambling, trying to cover his ass here.

INTERCUT WITH:

33 INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - GUS' OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 33

Gus is at his desk -- as always, impossible to read.

GUS
So I can expect delivery tomorrow? As scheduled?

Walt hedges... he knows there's no way that's happening.

WALT
Well, unfortunately...
(wincing, *here we go*)
Unfortunately, we won't be able to keep to the schedule this week. But not for lack of trying.

GUS
(a beat)
Is there something I should know?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

As far as Walt is concerned, Gus has no idea his brother-in-law is a DEA agent. And Walt is invested in making sure he doesn't find out. Walt wrestles, searching for an answer. Quickly:

WALT
To be completely honest with you..?
Gale really screwed us up.

Gus is silent as he lets Walt dig his own hole here. The silence is effective -- Walt is nervous and overcompensates.

WALT
He set us way back. We've been playing catch-up since he left...

Walt suddenly remembers that Victor came by the lab and saw nothing being cooked. He covers.

WALT
And... I've been out running errands and trying to keep us on target. Some of the equipment wasn't calibrated correctly and...
(beat)
Well... it's all very boring and technical.
(beat)
But this has my full attention. Rest assured, we'll cook through the weekend, whatever it takes. We'll have four hundred pounds for you next week.

Walt nervously waits for Gus' response. He's about to start babbling again when Gus speaks up.

GUS
I've got your word on that?

WALT
Absolutely.

GUS
(another beat; mild)
Thank you for the update.

With that, Gus hangs up. Walt's bought himself some time, but he's nervous, guilty, and overwhelmed. Off Walt, too much on his plate...

34 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE COUSIN'S ICU - EVENING 34

Gomez, along with a few other agents, loiter outside the Cousin's ICU room. This time, probably after having been reprimanded for stirring up their captive patient, they remain out of sight of the Cousin.

Into frame wanders Walt. Gomez looks to him as he approaches.

GOMEZ
Any news?

WALT
Nah, just... wandering.

Gomez nods. He understands.

GOMEZ
How's everyone doing?

WALT
As well as can be expected. It's just this not knowing that's the hardest part, I think.

And he's not just talking about Hank's condition here. Gomez nods. He's frustrated about the lack of news as well.

Walt, nodding towards the mostly unseen Cousin (remember, from this angle, we can glimpse a bit of him perhaps, but he can't see us)...

WALT
Anything new about these guys? Who they are... what they wanted?

GOMEZ
Nah, nothing yet.
(noting Walt's look)
But we'll get it.

Walt nods, then... asks the question that's really nagging at him. He tries to be casual, but his worry leaks through.

WALT
Steve, do you think there could... maybe be... others?

Walt nods toward the Cousin's room. His message is clear -- *other killers*. Gomez thinks Walt is concerned for Hank. Of course, Walt is worried now about the safety of his family.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

GOMEZ
Buddy, no one is getting to Hank or Marie. I think this was their shot, and they failed... Nah.

We sense Gomez isn't completely certain himself about what he just said. Walt nods, not very reassured. A glum beat of silence as both men stare into the ICU room, glimpsing a bit of the Cousin.

Gomez, murmuring, half to himself:

GOMEZ
Jesus, I'd love to walk in there and shoot that bastard right in the head.

WALT
(absently)
Me too...
(catches self)
I -- I mean, I just...

But Gomez gets it and puts an arm around Walt, patting his shoulder. They stand quietly, until... Gomez's cell phone RINGS. Clicking it open, he listens for a moment.

GOMEZ
Oh yeah? Great. We'll be right down.
(hangs up; to other cops)
Food's here.
(to Walt)
You like Pollos Hermanos?

Pollos Hermanos? Walt answers cautiously...

WALT
On occasion. Why..?

GOMEZ
Owner's a big booster for the DEA. He heard about what happened, and he's feeding everybody here.

WALT
(blood running cold)
That's... nice.

GOMEZ
Yeah. Apparently he's bringing it by personally.

Oh, <u>shit</u>. Off Walt, stifling his panic...

35 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU WAITING ROOM - EVENING 35

Moments later. CLOSE: White take-out bags of Los Pollos Hermanos in foreground. Looking past them... we see Walt enter frame in b.g.

Walt's POV: Marie, Skyler, Walter, Jr., and the ASAC are here, talking to... GUS.

His worst fears confirmed... What to do? Run? Hide? No, what would be the point? Besides, he's already been spotted. Skyler, looking to him:

SKYLER
Walt.

She motions him over. Walt gathers himself, puts on his best poker face, and approaches the group.

ASAC
Mr. Fring... this is Walter White, Hank's brother-in-law.
(to Walt)
I'd like you to meet Mr. Gustavo Fring, one of our biggest supporters in the community.

Gus, dead calm and completely pleasant, offers his hand.

GUS
Nice to meet you Mr. White.

Walt has no choice but to play along and pastes on a smile...

WALT
Likewise.

Off the two of them, shaking hands, no one around them the wiser, we...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

36 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU WAITING ROOM - EVENING 36

CLOSE: A chicken drumstick held in someone's hand. We reveal... Walt as he takes a bite, a thousand yard stare on his face. Next to him sits Walter, Jr. eating chicken as well, enjoying it.

WALTER, JR.
Good, huh?

WALT
Delicious.

Off them eating, we reveal a few feet away, Marie and Skyler sit, talking quietly with Gus. The ASAC stands nearby.

MARIE
(murmurs)
That's very generous. Thank you so much.

SKYLER
Yes... thank you.
(to the boys)
Guys, did you hear that?
(off Walt and Junior)
Mr. Fring is offering a ten thousand dollar reward for information about the case.

WALT
That's wonderful.

WALTER, JR.
Wow. Thanks, Mr. Fring.

GUS
It is the least I can do.
(to Marie)
Men like your husband are the thin blue line between us and these animals. I only wish I could do more.

ASAC
You've done so much already. Thank you for your support.
(to the family)
This reward could turn the tide here. It'll really help.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

GUS
Again, I can't express how deeply sorry I am.
(thinks to add)
As it happens, I've actually met your husband.

If it was possible for Walt to listen more intently than he has been, he is now...

MARIE
Oh, really?

ASAC
Our fun run, a couple months back? Mr. Fring was one of our sponsors.

Gus nods.

GUS
I talked for several minutes with your husband.
(glances to Walt)
As a matter of fact -- your name came up.

Walt, on edge, keeps his casual act going as best he can.

WALT
Really?

Gus nods. He knows this sort of subject is delicate and treats it appropriately.

GUS
There happened to be a collection jar out for you. We spoke briefly about your health concerns.
(then:)
I hope there's been good news..?

WALT
Things have improved, yes.

GUS
That's wonderful to hear. It was clear to me how deeply he cares for you.

Everyone is touched, except of course, Walt. Still, he manages a numb, appreciative nod. Off the silence...

36 CONTINUED: (2) 36

GUS
Well, I've taken up enough of your time.

There are still more thanks from the family as Gus rises. Skyler stands to shake his hand. Walter, Jr. too...

ASAC
Let me walk you out.

GUS
(waving him off)
That's really not necessary.

With one final nod to the family... and Walt, Gus turns and exits.

Feeling he can't leave it like this, Walt turns to the family.

WALT
You know what... I'll walk him out.

Without waiting for a reply, Walt hurries off after Gus.

37 INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - EVENING 37

Walt steps off the elevator, scanning for Gus. He spots him near the lobby doors, shaking hands with several agents and officers who all want to thank him.

Walt beelines over, weaving through the cops to Gus, who does not seem surprised at all to see him again. In fact, he's back on the move, making for the lobby doors.

GUS
(nods)
Mr. White...

Walt catches up and falls into step next to him.

WALT
I just wanted to thank you again.

GUS
(even)
My pleasure.

WALT
May we talk a moment?

They've moved just beyond earshot of the cops. Gus comes to a stop and looks to Walt, impassive.

37 CONTINUED: 37

Walt is sheepish, embarrassed to have been caught in a lie. He's also shaken.

WALT
You, uh... you knew my brother-in-law was with the DEA?

Given the relative lack of privacy, he keeps his voice low...

GUS
(nods)
I investigate everyone with whom I do business... What careful man wouldn't?

This is a callback to the first time Walt and Gus met -- when Gus told Walt he was not careful. Walt is chastened.

WALT
He is <u>not</u> a problem for us -- for our business.

Well, that's not exactly true, but Walt is on damage control. Gus gives him nothing -- no anger, no hope. He's completely inscrutable -- the definition of poker-faced. Which now prompts Walt to ask:

WALT
You here... is this some sort of message?

Gus frowns mildly -- *no message.*

GUS
I'm supporting my community.
(then)
I hide in plain sight... same as you.

Walt regards him, warily. Gus is impossible to read. Walt, forced to take him at his word, reluctantly nods.

GUS
Are we done?

Walt, desperate to talk to someone, <u>anyone</u> about what's going on, feels compelled to ask...

WALT
This attack on my brother-in-law. I -- I don't understand it... I don't... I don't know what it means... If you...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

WALT (CONT'D)
were to have any knowledge that you could share with me... I fear for my family.

GUS
I trust they'll be fine.
(then)
I'm told the assassin who survived is very gravely injured. It's doubtful he'll live much longer.

Off Walt, wondering how he can be so sure...

GUS
Now thank me and shake my hand.

Walt realizes Gus is being mindful, as always, of appearances. They must put on a show for the sea of cops mere feet away from them. Walt offers his hand.

WALT
Thank you, Mr. Fring.

GUS
(shaking Walt's hand)
You're quite welcome, Mr. White.

And with that, Gus departs, leaving Walt not entirely reassured. How does Gus know the Cousin won't recover? What does he know about any of this? Is he involved in some way? And why does he sound so sure the Cousin won't recover?

Preoccupied, Walt turns and slowly walks toward the elevator. As he passes the crowd of DEA and APD, he senses an energy rippling through the men and women. Several are talking amongst themselves and heading for the elevator. Clearly there is news afoot -- something's up.

Curious Walt approaches the Friendly Agent, also on the move, whom he met before.

WALT
What's going on?

Off Walt's confusion, before his question can be answered...

CUT TO:

38 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE COUSIN'S ICU - EVENING 38

Moments later. In the foreground, Gomez is already up here, watching intently through the window into the Cousin's room.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

Behind him, Walt and a dozen or so other cops arrive. They crowd the window, straining to see.

Walt's POV: It's hard to get a glimpse of the Cousin as the cops also jockey for position. Beyond them, behind the glass, NURSES and a DOCTOR crowd around the Cousin's bed working on him -- and further obstructing our view.

But this much is clear -- the Cousin is FLATLINING. Walt glances at the cops around him, all of whom watch -- fascinated. Most of them silently rooting against the Doctor succeeding.

And, actually, it's looking like he won't. The Doctor performs chest compressions, the Cousin's body bobbing lifelessly beneath his hands. Five seconds of this... ten...

... And they all realize it's over. All efforts to resuscitate the Cousin have failed. Although we can't hear him speaking back here behind the glass, the Doctor calls time of death as a Nurse shuts off the monitors.

GOMEZ
(quiet emotion)
Piece of shit.

Walt is even more troubled now. Gus' prediction came true. And now Walt is left with the dawning realization that "businessman" Gus may be more dangerous than he thought.

Now, behind Walt and the crowd of cops, way down the hall, we glimpse a FIGURE exit an "Employees Only" door. All backs are turned, so no one notices him. And WE may not even really take note of him at first. But then...

REVERSE ANGLE: We're looking back toward Walt and the crowd in the distance. Here in f.g, we reveal our figure is... MIKE, our familiar private investigator.

He walks quickly but coolly away from the distant group of cops. On the move, he discards something in a trash can before disappearing past us down the corridor.

We don't see what it is, but we can guess. A syringe, perhaps? Looks like the Cousin's death wasn't exactly natural...

39 CLOSE ON: CHICKEN 39

Pasty white, as it's lowered into hot oil. As it sizzles, we reveal we are...

INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

An EMPLOYEE works the fryer as Gus walks through the kitchen, monitoring activity. It's busy in the kitchen, but the employees are efficient, especially with Gus watching.

Just then, Gus' cell phone rings. He checks the ID -- Bolsa.

Gus nods to his staff and walks quickly to his office.

40 INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - GUS' OFFICE - NIGHT 40

Gus enters, closing the door, and sits at his desk.

GUS
(answering)
Hello?

Off the silence...

GUS
Juan?

BOLSA (V.O.)
I assume you've heard the news?

INTERCUT WITH:

41 INT. BOLSA'S MEXICAN HACIENDA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 41

Bolsa's paces his hacienda -- he's agitated and looks like he hasn't slept since he last spoke to Gus.

GUS
Your man died at the hospital, I heard. It's unfortunate.

BOLSA
Yeah... Unfortunate.
(beat)
You know what I think, Gustavo? I think you're behind all this.

Gus is not surprised by the accusation, but he doesn't tip his hand -- even to us. He's inscrutable as always, impossible to read.

GUS
Why would I be? Again, how would this serve me?

BOLSA
That's the part I'm trying to figure out.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

BOLSA (CONT'D)
My best guess is you don't want to be in business with the Cartel anymore. Maybe go off on your own..?

GUS
You sound like you're under a lot of stress. Maybe you should call me back when you're seeing things more clearly.

BOLSA
I think I'm starting to see things clear enough. You know I've got Federales surrounding my house? Washington's applying pressure. *Congreso* suddenly has to put on a big show. Appearances... Politics...

GUS
It's unfortunate.

BOLSA
Smooth as silk, but maybe too smart for your own good. I'll weather this, Gustavo -- I always do. My brother's a police chief... my cousin... I've got connections. They'll get me through. And when I get proof, and the Cartel finds out what you've done, mark my words...

Before Bolsa can finish his threat, there's an off-screen CRASH, followed by the distant sound of men YELLING. Turning from his phone...

BOLSA
(in Spanish, subtitled)
What the hell's going on?

He's asking a BODYGUARD in the b.g. He's not expecting an answer from Gus... but Gus gives him one nonetheless.

GUS
(calmly)
Politics..?

Bolsa's bodyguard runs off-camera, after the noise. A beat, then we hear GUNSHOTS. Bolsa is shaken. A moment, then, several FEDERALES burst in.

41 CONTINUED: (2) 41

BOLSA
(in Spanish, subtitled)
What do you think you're doing in here? Do you know who I am?

The Federales silently level their guns at him. As the first SHOTS hit Bolsa, we cut to...

Gus, sitting at his desk. He listens impassively to the faint POPS on the other end of the phone. We might even see the tiniest flicker of satisfaction cross his face, but he keeps his emotions completely in check, even now. We can hear tinny gunfire through the phone, until... Gus HANGS UP.

42 INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - COUNTER - NIGHT 42

A smiling CASHIER steps away to fill an order. Smoothly filling her place, Gus steps up to take the next order. He smiles pleasantly at the next CUSTOMER as they approach.

GUS
Welcome to Los Pollos Hermanos. How may I help you?

Off Gus, the perfect businessman, smooth as silk indeed, serving his customers...

43 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 43

CLOSE ON: Marie, asleep, curled up across two or three chairs. We pull back and reveal Walter, Jr., also asleep, laying across several chairs nearby.

... Skyler, who is sleeping as well -- sitting upright in her seat, her head resting on Walt's shoulder. Walt alone is awake. He sits quietly, very still. He doesn't want to disturb Skyler -- he's enjoying the closeness to her.

Despite the terrible event that brought them together, there's a quiet happiness Walt experiences having his family reunited. It's peaceful, and Walt doesn't want it to end. We hold on this tableau...

Until... the Surgeon enters and breaks the moment. He gently clears his throat, rousing the family. Marie rises to her feet. She's joined by the rest of the family.

MARIE
How is he? Please tell me something good.

43 CONTINUED: 43

SURGEON
Well, he's not out of the woods yet. But I think he's stable enough now for you to see him briefly.

Marie swallows hard, nods. Looking hopeful, she glances at the family -- all of them happy for this small bit of good news at least. As they all make for the door, the Surgeon stops them.

SURGEON
I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it's immediate family only.

Marie is having none of that.

MARIE
We're all family.

DOCTOR
I understand, but...

Marie cuts him off. She's polite, yet like steel here -- this isn't up for debate. The family goes with her.

MARIE
(final)
We're all family.

Off Marie, not bending an inch...

44 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY/HANK'S ICU - NIGHT 44

We're wide on the hallway outside Hank's ICU room. Like the Cousin's, there's a wide plate-glass window we can see through from the hall. The family -- Marie, Skyler, Walt, Walter, Jr. <u>all</u> -- silently file into Hank's room.

They gingerly surround his bed. Hank lies still, enveloped by tubes and equipment, our view of him mostly obscured by our family members who surround him. Indeed, we barely get a glimpse of him, and we do not see his face. (This is not a mistake. We're not supposed to. Let's make our impatient audience <u>wait</u> until next week in order to see him.)

We cut INSIDE Hank's room -- but still we don't see his face. Whatever condition the family sees him in here -- it must be profound. They stare down at him in moved silence.

CLOSE ON: Marie's hand. It slowly moves, her fingers reaching for...

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

... Hank's hand. Her hand closes around his. Off this image, we...

END EPISODE